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Poetry.

THE WEDDING RING.

BY FRANCIS A. CALE.

Hail! little talisman of gold,
Within whose circle's magic fold
Yond love entrusts his plighted vow,
His fairy dreams, his chaste glow,
Unnumbered lighter graces play!
Hail! to thy pure and glowing reign,
For oh! thou art no galling chain,
(As some have said) whose links oppress
Each latent germ of tenderness,
Oh! did they know what hopes are springing,
What joys are round thee ever clinging,
How soft thy pressure is, and light,
They would not sure, thy thralldom slight,
Or for one moment wish to be
Free from thy loved captivity,
Bright guardian of the marriage-vow,
Oh! may I ne'er with lessened glow,
With glance estranged, with aspect cold,
The consecrated charms behold!
Ne'er view thee as a trifling toy,
Forned but to make a moment's joy,
To sport with in the bridal hour,
Then thou wilt fade and prize no more!
But rather in thy circle see
The pledge of endless constancy;
Of holy vows received and given,
Vows breathed on earth, and sealed in heaven.
Yes, till life's evening shades descend,
Be thou my monitor and friend,
The watchful sleepless sentinel
Which guards my bosom's inmost cell;
Securing those who're in due
To love and fond affection true,
And driving jealousy afar
Whate'er the jealous wrath might mar;
For if but one rude thought appear
Amid the roses blooming there,
Ah! who can tell how deep may prove
The wound which it inflicts on love?
And as the shadows deepen round,
And what was joy is tasteless sound,
When each tired sense asks but repose,
And life is hastening to a close,
Still may my eye at sight of thee
Relax its look of vacancy,
The heart which livelier feeling beat,
The tongue its early vow repeat,
And tender recollections spring,
Unchecked by one repentant sting.

Agriculture.

RULES FOR RAISING POULTRY.—1. All
young chickens, ducks, and turkeys should
be kept under cover out of the weather
during rainy seasons.

2. Twice or thrice a week, pepper,
shallots, shives, or garlic should be mixed
up with their food.

3. A small lump of assafetida should
be placed in the pan in which their water
is given them to drink.

4. Whenever they manifest disease by
drooping of the wings or any other out-
ward sign of ill health, a little assafetida,
broken into small lumps, should be mixed
with their food.

5. Chickens which are kept from the
dung-hills while young seldom have the
gapes; therefore it should be the object of
those who have the charge of them, so to
confine the hens as to preclude their young
from the range of barn or stable yards.

6. Should any of the chickens have
the gapes, mix up small portions of assa-
fetida, rhubarb, and pepper in fresh butter,
and give each chicken as much of the mix-
ture as will lie upon one half the bowl of
a small teaspoon.

7. For the *pip*, the following treatment
is judicious: Take off the indurated
covering on the point of the tongue, and
give twice a day, for two or three days, a
piece of garlic the size of a pea; if garlic
can not be obtained, onion, shallot, or
shives will answer; and if neither of these
be convenient, two grains of black pepper,
to be given in fresh butter, will answer.

8. For the *smut*, the same remedies
as for the gapes will be found highly curative;
but, in addition to them, it will be
necessary to melt a little assafetida in
fresh butter, and rub the chicken about the
nostrils, taking care to clean them out.

9. Grown up ducks are sometimes
taken off rapidly by convulsions. In such
cases, four drops of rhubarb, and four
grains of Cayenne pepper, mixed in fresh
butter, should be administered.

PROFITS OF POULTRY.—It is frequently
asserted that poultry is more plague than
profit; but this, like many other assertions
must be taken with proper qualifications.
We contend, if you have a good
breed of hens, take proper care of them,
and near a good market, that the keeping
of fowls is as profitable a business for the
amount of capital invested in it, as a farm-
er's boy, or the woman of the family, can
be engaged in. Try it—there is nothing
like trying.

Selected Tale.

BOARDING A BUCCANEER.

A 'YANKEE TRICK' AT SEA.

It was in the year 184—, that I found
myself on board the good brig Mary Anne,
of Portland, bound for Kingston, Jamaica.
There were some twelve or fifteen passen-
gers, mostly young men, several of them
Creoles returning home, two English of-
ficers, who had been on a visit to relations
in Canada, and were about to rejoin their
regiment, and the rest made up of person-
ages into whose business it was none of
mine to inquire, so long as they made
themselves *compagnons du voyage*, which
they all happily were. Our Captain was a
shrewd, knowing Yankee, principal owner
of the brig, having on board an assorted
cargo which he was taking down to the
Spanish Main for speculation. The passen-
gers he had picked up at Boston were a
god-send, and had induced him so far to
alter his original intentions as to steer for
Kingston, whither the larger portion of
them were bound. Leave a live Yankee
alone to find out who he is dealing with,
and to provide means of profiting by his
customers! Our skipper had not left Bos-
ton before he knew full well that an extra
supply of small stores—such as ales, wines,
&c.—would be a good investment, and had
prepared himself accordingly. Nor was he
mistaken—the demand was brisk, and Cap-
tain Jonathan was correspondingly polite
and affable.

Our voyage was not exactly tedious, but
it was long. The winds were light and va-
riable, and the skipper did not appear to
make as much headway in his sailing as he
might. Indeed, the English major—jolly
whole-souled fellow, with a deal of humor
in his composition—slyly hinted that we
shouldn't see Kingston until the skipper's
small stores were exhausted; and there-
upon he incontinently called for 'half a
dozen porter.' Certainly, if we were com-
pelled to drink our way into port, the ma-
jor was the man to lead the enterprise.

We were sitting around the cabin-table,
enjoying the Englishman's porter and in-
vestigating the merits of some excellent
cheroots—it was our tenth day out—when
the Captain put his head down the hatch-
way and called out to me—

'Isay, Mr. Brace—you're a man-o-war's-
man—will you just step on deck and see
what you can make out of this stranger?'

Capt. Jonathan had soon found out my
profession, and with that easy nonchal-
ance peculiar to the *gens* Yankee, put me to
various uses during the voyage.

'Here, skipper,' sang out the major,
'never mind the stranger—come down and
help us finish this porter. We are drink-
ing for a fair wind.'

'Hillo! what's that?—a pirate, eh? By
Jove, there's some sport at last!'—and we
severally hustled on deck.

It was not exactly a calm, but the winds
were light, and came in those fitful puffs
denominated 'cats' paws,' which especially
favor the tropical seas. The strange sail,
which had been made from the masthead
two or three hours previous, and to which
little attention had been paid, taking advan-
tage of these, had come up with us hand
over fist, and was now about two miles dis-
tant on our weather quarter. A more
beautiful specimen of naval architecture
never floated on the ocean! She was a
schooner of somewhere about one hundred
tons, with masts taut and raking, and a
long, low hull, that yielded, 'like a thing of
life,' in graceful undulations to the waves.
Above there rose a perfect cloud of canvas,
that caught the slightest of air, and winged
her with noiseless and almost mysterious
speed over the water, while our own clumsy
craft was flapping her idle sails and crawl-
ing at a scarcely perceptible snail's pace.

'By Jove! how she comes up,' exclaimed
the major.

'Waal, you see she fetches the breeze
with her,' said Jonathan, with that excu-
sable pride which even the master of a scow
may feel in the craft he commands, 'or I
guess she wouldn't overhaul the Mary
Anne quite so slick, no how!'

'What a perfect beauty,' said I.

'Yes,' replied the major, ever ready,
Englishman-like, to appropriate all excel-
lencies for his own patch of an island, 'she
certainly is a trim little craft—belongs to
the Royal Yacht-Club I am sure. I heard
one of their finest vessels was expected out
this fall.'

'Those timbers were never laid in Eng-
land, major,' said I, 'she is a Baltimore
clipper, though what her present occupa-
tion is I will not venture to say.'

'We'll soon see that,' said the Captain.
'Mate, show your stripes.'

The stars and stripes were quickly flut-
tering at our peak, and in a few moments, as
if to refute my assertions, the 'meteor flag
of England' rose majestically from the
stranger's deck and fluttered aloft, stirred
by a wanton breeze, that dallied, enamoured
of its folds.

'There, sir,' said the major pompously,
'I told you so; I know there could be no
vessel of equal symmetry out of the Yacht
Club.'

'Do the vessels of the Royal Yacht
Club carry a long Tom on a pivot, major?'
asked I, taking the glass from my eye with
which I had been examining the schooner.

'Why, sir?'

'Because our friend there seems heavily
armed for a pleasure yacht.'

'Yacht be darn'd!' exclaimed Captain
Jonathan, 'she's a bloody pirate! and I
guess we'll soon know more about her.'

'Do you think he'll attempt to capture
us, skipper?' asked the major, 'and have
you an idea of resisting?'

I watched the captain closely, as these
questions were put, for upon his firmness
and conduct might depend our lives.—
There was fire in his eye, and a flush
spread over his weather-beaten counten-
ance, as he replied with much energy—

'Idea of resisting? Jerusalem! I say:
think I have! Do you think Reuben
Jonathan is going to give up his brig and
cargo to them bloody Spanish thieves,
without showing fight, and let himself be
pitched overboard into the bargain? It
may be so as he will not disturb us. The
Mary Anne is not exactly the kind of prize
for him, and these fellows don't like to
throw away their ammunition; but if the
worst comes, gentlemen, we must fight.'

We all agreed readily to his propositions,
and under his directions proceeded to arm
ourselves, which, from the brig's magazine,
and our own resources, we were enabled to
do pretty effectively; fowling pieces, mus-
kets, pistols and cutlasses enough for all
being found. On mustering our force, we
had, including the crew, twenty effective
men.

'We must keep down, gentlemen,' said
the skipper, 'and not show them too much
strength, or he may pepper us at long range;
though these fellows don't like to use their
big guns when they can do their work
quietly—there's too many cruisers in these
latitudes.'

By this time the schooner had come up
within hailing distance astern of us.

'Brig ahoy!' sang out a voice from her
deck.

'Hilloa!' replied our skipper, through a
monster trumpet.

'What brig is that?'

'The Mary Anne, of Portland. What
schooner is that?'

'The Black Snake! Heave-to and send
a boat on board.'

'Can't do it; my boats are all on board,
and stowed for the voyage.'

'Heave-to, then, while I send a boat on
board of you.'

'You'd better not; we Yankees don't
admit the right of search.'

The schooner was still coming up with
us, though the brig had commenced to
forge ahead under the influence of a steady
breeze. Both vessels were laying near
the wind, on which point of sailing the
schooner had an evident advantage. Our
skipper quietly ordered the man at the
helm to keep away, and as the brig fell off
before the wind, it was perceived on board
the schooner, which made a corresponding
movement, while another fierce hail came,
ordering us to 'heave-to!' As our skipper
was about to raise his trumpet to reply, the
major interferred:

'Perhaps she's a government vessel,
skipper, and you had better comply.'

'Even if she was, what right has she to
bring an American vessel to? I rather
guess the right of search is settled,' said
the skipper.

The major seemed disposed to argue the
point, when quickly touching his arm, a
pointed to the schooner, on board of which
a rapid change had taken place. Her deck
was swarming with armed men, and pre-
parations were making to lower her boats,
while the English ensign had been hauled
down, and in its place there went up the
significant black flag, with its horrid blaz-
on of a skull, supported by cross and bones.

'Do her majesty's cruisers sail under
that sort of bunting, major?'

'A pirate! We must fight for it.'

The two vessels were now running
parallel, with about equal speed, making
perhaps some two knots an hour. In a few
minutes, three boats of armed men put off
from the schooner, and scattering in differ-
ent directions, pulled with the evident in-
tention of attacking us on both sides.—
Every preparation the circumstances of the
case would admit of was made to give
them a warm reception.

'We must never let them get a foothold
on deck, gentlemen,' said the skipper, who
showed an activity and courage which
elicited our admiration.

The plan of the boats to attack us from
different points at once, necessarily delayed
their operations. In the mean time, as is
often common in these seas, a current of
wind struck the brig, pressing her more
rapidly through the water. An idea—a
bold and happy one—flashed on the brain
of our skipper.

'Quick! gentlemen, I have it! We
are safe!' exclaimed he, seizing the wheel.

'Mr. Brace, jump forward if you please,
and take what men you want, and stand
by to grapple the schooner—then take
charge of her 'long Tom.' Major, will
command the sharpshooters, and pick off
those fellows, if they come too near! By
the great Jahosaphat! I'll show that fel-
low a Yankee trick he never saw before.'

The idea was a brilliant one. There
was every chance of our capturing the
schooner, if we could lay her board while
the greater portion of her crew were in the
boats; and the breeze which had sprung up,
and which proved steady, was a providen-
tial interposition in our behalf. Our pre-
parations were steadily made, and the skip-
per steered with such caution as gradually
to approach the schooner, of which we
had the advantage in the first effects of the
breeze, without exciting suspicions of his
intentions on board.

It was some minutes before the boats
perceived the increased speed of the brig,
and even then they pulled less vigorously
than they might—endeavoring still to pre-
serve their plan of attack. The brig had
now full steerage way on her, and was clos-
ing with the schooner, on whose decks
there appeared some stir.

'Stand by, now, gentlemen,' said the
skipper, as he gave a few rapid turns to
the wheel. 'Pick that fellow off who is
steering, major, the first one.'

Our intention was now understood on
board the pirate, but too late for effective
resistance. They fired one of their car-
tridges without damage to us, in reply to
which, a single shot from the major's
rifle brought down the man at the wheel.
The report of firearms gave a new impetus
to the boats, and they headed direct for us
—but were moving pretty fast through the
water. The skipper laid us alongside; our
grappling were thrown; and leaving the
mate and one hand to secure them, I
leaped on board with the rest of the men,
and cut down two or three pirates who
were endeavoring to make ready the 'long
gun.' The major and his command were
equally prompt, and in less than three
minutes the decks were cleared, and the
schooner in our possession. 'Now, how-
ever, came the tug of war. The collision
of the vessels had checked their headway,
and the breeze which had served us so well
was dying out, while the pirates' boats,
containing about forty armed men and des-
perate wretches, were fast coming up with
us. They were already in gunshot range,
and the major's force was quietly picking
them off. This, however, only enraged
them the more, and it seemed to me they
must reach us, and give us a hard struggle
for our lives.

'Captain,' said I to our skipper, who
had coolly retained his station at the wheel,
'can you let her yaw off when I give the
word?'

'Aye! aye!' was the prompt reply.

Taking two men whom I had recognized
as men-of-war's men, and one or two oth-
ers of the crew forward with me, I cast off
the long gun, which I found loaded, and
ramming home another strand of grape, I
depressed the piece and prepared to fire.

'Now, captain!' I sang out.

'Stand! I so.'

I applied the match. The foremost
boat, which I had brought within range of
my piece, was some distance ahead of the
others. The schooner trembled under the
shock of the explosion; a wild shriek was
heard, and amid the spray and foam which
the plunging shot stirred up, fragments of
the timbers, oars, and a few bleeding
wretches struggling in their death throes,
were all that was left of the boat and her
crew! Never did a single shot do such
harm! It was the grape and canister
which destroyed the first boat; but the
round shot with which the gun was loaded,
ricocheting, took another of the boats,
which was in the line of fire on her bow,
killing several of her crew, and spilling the
rest. The third boat paused, and seeing
the destruction, pulled for the survivors
from the second boat. I had not lost a
second in reloading my gun, and, by the
time she had come up to the spot, another
storm of grape and canister, well aimed,
spread death and destruction amongst
them. We now made haste to secure the
pirates who had been driven below, which
was speedily done. Our skipper then
turned the schooner over to my charge,
allowing me two of his sailors—the rest of
my crew being made up of volunteers from
among the passengers, most of whom from
curiosity or the love of change desired to
go with me. The vessels were cast off,
and I hauled up for the spot where the
boats had been. Some ten or fifteen
wretches, most of them wounded, clinging
to oars and planks, were all that remained
of the pirate's crew. We might have left
these to their fate, and surely they deserved
such treatment, but humanity forbade it;
and it struck me as a queer sort of human-
ity too, which saves men from drowning to
consign them to the gallows. With the
assistance of a boat from the brig, how-
ever, we picked the survivors up, and, hav-
ing secured and divided our prisoners
for greater safety, we made sail for our
destination.

The skipper, elated with his prize, for-
got all about disposing of his small stores,
and made the best of his way into port.—
We found a capital larder on board the
schooner, and wines which even the major
pronounced unexceptionable. In three
days we were anchored in the harbor at King-
ston; the pirates were handed over to the
authorities, and the schooner adjudged a
prize and sold. The skipper was honor-
able enough to share *pro rata* with his
passengers, which, however, was pretty
generally declined, I believe. The amount
which she brought was considerable, in
addition to some thousands of dollars found
on board, so that he and his crew therefore
fared well.

The major had the satisfaction of know-
ing that the 'most beautiful craft in the
world,' belonged to the Royal Yacht Club,
the pirate schooner having been bought for
that purpose by a young nobleman sojourn-
ing on the island.'

The Double-Bedded Room No. 40.

BY BETHFORD.

Vacation—the long looked for holidays
at length arrived, bidding farewell to books
and masters, I concluded to stop at Albany,
on my way home.

Tom Hill, my room mate seconded my
proposition and in a few hours we found
ourselves at a well known Hotel in Albany,
the Delavan House, and called for a room.
The Hotel was unusually crowded with
guests and the clerk informed us that it was
impossible to accommodate us unless we
slept in one bed in a double-bedded room.

Glad of an opportunity to rest our
weary limbs, we did not hesitate and the
servant being ordered to show us No. 40,
we followed him but no sooner had we
closed our door, than the lamp suddenly
went out.

Thinking we could get along without
a light, we did not recall the servant but
groped our way in search of the bed.

'Is too bad,' said Tom; 'I can't find the
bed.'

'I've found it,' said I, as I accidentally
ran my forehead against the post, which
set my head aching for an hour at least.

'Dick I wish that man in the other bed
would stop snoring; it sounds like a small
earthquake.'

'Turn in,' said I, and go to sleep.

Tom immediately fell asleep, so fatigued
was he with the day's journey, but from
the excessive pain I experienced in my
head it was some time ere Morpheus
slept. The God, closed my eyelids, in tranquil
slumber.

At the break of dawn I awoke, and
upon looking around espied upon the bed
post in the opposite corner, a female
garment, consisting of a black Velvet Polka
Skirticoot, and sundry unmentionables
additional.

I succeeded without noise in awaken-
ing my friend Tom, and pointed silently to
the other bed. His eyes followed the
direction of my finger, and he uttered an
exclamation of surprise and regret.

'We have been put in the wrong room
by that stupid servant,' said he.

'You get up, Tom, and I will follow
you,' said I.

'No, Dick, you get up first and I will
follow you.'

'Hush, she's awakening.'

'The devil she is, what shall we do?'

'Keep quiet.'

'Let me get on your side of the bed, its
so awkward.'

'No, Tom, stick your head under the
clothes.'

'Is she looking at us,' whispered
Tom.

'I am afraid to turn my eyes in that
direction.'

'Let's cough loud, and perhaps, Dick,
she will speak.'

We commenced coughing vigorously
and loud, but did not dare to look at the
fair occupant of the opposite bed.

'Gentlemen,' uttered a squeaking voice,
'if you have any courtesy, or respect for
an unprotected female, you will immediately
leave the room.'

'Certainly, Madam,' said Tom, get-
ting out of bed, 'now don't you look; are
you looking?' said the trembling Tom.

'No sir, no sir.'

'We put on our clothes with the rapidity
of lightning and did not stop to wash or
Adornus. We proceeded as far as the door,
when the owner of the Black Polka set up
a comical laugh. We looked at the
occupied bed, and saw a face as black as
the ace of spades.

'Why it is one of the negro servants of
the house,' said I, 'tis too bad.'

'Make no apologies,' said the Ethiopian
in a manly voice, and springing out of
bed said, 'tis only a joke, I will explain,
you perceive my arms are as white as your
own. I belong to B———'s Ethiopian
Minstrels, and personate female characters.
The dress which you see suspended upon
the bed post is the one I wear. Being
rather immoderate in my potations last
night I forgot to exchange my attire, and
also to wash myself, and wishing to have
a good joke, upon seeing you, this morning
I thought I would put my 'uniform' in
some conspicuous place, and so placed it
upon the bed post, where you might see it
the first thing in the morning. The result
has been all I anticipated.'

The joke soon spread over the House,
and the laugh being on us and Tom being
rather sensitive, we thought it best to leave
but never forget the Double-Bedded Room
No. 40.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1654.

The General Assembly met on the
Island, (but whether at Newport or Port-
smouth does not appear) on the 16th of
May, 1654, Nicholas Eston, Moderator;
when by election

Mr. Nicholas Eston chosen President.
" Randal Holden, next in major vote.
" Thomas Olney, assistant for Prov.
" Richard Burden, ass. for Portsmouth.
" Edward Smith, assist. for Newport.
" Randal Holden, ass. for Warwick.
" Joseph Torry, General Recorder.
" John Coggeshall, Gen. Treasurer.
" Richard Knight, Gen. Sergeant.

Although assistants were appointed for
Providence and Warwick, and were prob-
ably present at this election, still no effec-
tual union had yet taken place.

At this court a number of acts were
passed; one of which was to grant com-
mission for the vessel Deborah to defend
herself, and to offend the enemies of the
commonwealth of England.

As Mr. Williams was expected from
England soon, the following order was
passed:

" That the General Assistant for Provi-
dence—in case Mr. Williams return from
England—shall repair to him, to see what
orders are sent by him for the colony.

Mr. Williams soon after returned to this
colony, leaving Mr. Clarke as sole agent
for Providence Plantations. He brought
with him the following letter from Sir
Henry Vane:

Loving and christian friends,
I could not refuse this bearer, Mr. Roger
Williams, my kind friend and ancient ac-
quaintance, to be accompanied with these
few lines from myself to you, upon his
return to Providence colony; though per-
haps my private and retired condition,
which the Lord of his mercy hath brought
me into, might have argued strongly enough
for my silence; but indeed something I
hold myself bound to say to you, out of the
christian love I bear you, and for his sake
whose name is called upon by you and
engaged on your behalf. How is it that
there are such divisions amongst you?—
Such headiness, tumults, disorders and
injuries? The noise echoes into the
ears of all, as well friends as enemies, by
every report of ships from those parts. Is
not the fear and awe of God amongst you
to restrain? Is not the love of Christ in
you to fill you with yearning bowels one
towards another and constrain you not to
live to yourselves but to him that died for
you, yes, and is risen again? Are there
no wise men amongst you? No public,
self-denying spirits, that at least upon
grounds of common safety, equity and pru-
dence can find out some way or means of
union or reconciliation for you amongst
yourselves, before you become a prey to
common enemies? Especially since this
State, by the late letter from the Council
of State, give you your freedom, as sup-
posing a better use would have been made
of it than there hath been. Surely when
kind and simple remedies are applied and
ineffectual, it speaks loud and broadly,
the high and dangerous tempers of such a
body, as if the wounds were incurable.
But I hope better things from you, though
I thus speak, and should be apt to think,
that by commissioners agreed on and ap-
pointed on all parts, and on behalf of all
interest, in a general meeting, such a union
and common satisfaction might arise, as
through God's blessing put a stop to your
growing breaches and distractions, silence
your enemies, encourage your friends,
honor the name of God which of late hath
been much blasphemed by reason of you;
and in particular refresh and revive the
sad heart of him who mourns over your
present evils, as being your affectionate
friend, to serve you in the Lord.

H. VANE.

Mr. Williams having returned to Provi-
dence with the letter of Sir Henry Vane,
found things in a very deranged state, and
received such personal treatment from
some of those whom he had considered his
friends, that he drew up the following
address to the Town:

'Well beloved friends and neighbors,
I am like a man in a great fog; I know
not how to steer. I fear to run upon the
reefs at home, having had trials abroad.
I fear to run quite backward (as men in a
mist do) and undo all that I have been a
long time undoing myself to do, viz: to
keep up the name of a people, a free peo-
ple, not enslaved to the bondage and iron
yokes of the great (both soul and body)
oppressions of the English and barbarians
about us; nor to the divisions and dis-
orders within ourselves. Since I set the first
step of any English foot into these wild
parts and have maintained a chargeable
and hazardous correspondence with the
barbarians, and spent almost five years
time with the state of England, to keep off
the rage of the English against us, what
have I reaped of the root of being the
stepping stone to so many families and
towns about us, but grief, and sorrow, and
bitterness! I have been charged with
folly for that freedom and liberty which I
have always stood for; I say liberty and
equality both in land and government. I
have been blamed for parting with Mon-
shawick, and afterward Pawtuxet (which
were mine own, as truly as any man's con-
tained upon his back) without reserving to my-
self a foot of land, or an inch of voice in
any matter, more than to my servants and
strangers. It hath been told me that I
have labored for a licentious and conten-
tious people; that I have foolishly parted
with town and colony advantages, by which
I might have preserved both town and col-
ony in as good order as any in the country
about us. This and ten times more I have
been censured for, and at this present time
am called a traitor by one party, against
the state of England, for not maintaining the
charter and the colony, and it is said that

I am as good as banished by yourselves,
and that both sides wished that I might
never have landed, that the fire of conten-
tion might have had no stop in burning.
Indeed the words have been so sharp be-
tween myself

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